

*If the relationship of father to son could really be reduced to biology,
the whole earth would blaze with the glory of fathers and sons.
-- James Baldwin, The Price of the Ticket*

I swig from the can of Budweiser. It runs down my throat like warm piss. My chest gleams with sweat. The sun sparkling on the lake burns brilliant as a magnesium flare, and just as hot. North Carolina, summer. Complete with humidity.

"You going to cast?" Dad asks.

He lounges on a long, waist-high boulder, a perfect beach chair lying on the lake edge. Sleepy waves lap at its base. The air is still, thick as sweat fumes rising from a stinking armpit.

"Yeah, yeah." I grind the beer can down into the pebbles. I grab the shiny black fiberglass rod, check it, whip it back over my head. The hot day is briefly

cool in my armpit's wet hairs. I snap my wrist. Thunk. The line goes straight into the water about three feet in front of me. Dad laughs.

"Pretty good, son. You been practicing?"

I start reeling the botched cast in.

"Yeah, yeah," I say.

I'm a lousy fisherman. It's an old joke between me and Daddy. So much so that my lips are curled in a half-smile.

"Play with your rod some more, son," Daddy says. "Get some practice in." He yanks his cap low over his forehead, then stretches out over the long, flat stone. His eyes close. He's comfortable; a thick towel is wadded under his neck, and more are under his back. Now I can safely stare at him.

Daddy's a big man. Commanding. Muscled, hairy. Only a few years ago he retired from the Army -- a day when his joy mixed with the sadness of moving out of an old, familiar house. He'd worn Army full dress -- and the winged badge of a paratrooper, and bright ribbons won in Asian rice paddies when I was a baby (and before), and the patch of a Ranger, and the green beret that always made me sit a little straighter in the seat when I saw it on him. I watched the little ceremony with Mom and my little brother. I read his emotions that day like a blind man feeling impressions in paper. He's changed.

Now he wears cutoffs -- old fatigue pants, lots of button-up pockets bulging with lines, lures, bobbers, weights. They're frayed at the bottom. Instead of a beret it's a baseball cap, pulled low over his eyes against the glare. But years of discipline which forged a hard body haven't been so easily cut away or tossed aside. Sweat shimmers on biceps about as thick as my thighs. On sloping, corded shoulders. On nipples the size of quarters, visible under a carpet of thick, dark, wiry hair. Daddy's hair covers his chest like lawn grass. Descending over a belly hardly softened by retirement it vanishes beneath the snug waist of the cutoffs, reemerging to coat hard thighs, the long shins.

I sigh. Turn away. Cast again. This time the line arcs well out into the molten silver water. The lure raises a small splash as it slices into the lake. I see his eyes open as the reel whirrs. Lips bend in a slight smile of amused satisfaction. Then his eyes close again. There's a flash of warmth in me that spreads out from my heart. And there's a flash of heat in me that burns my loins. Because my Dad is ten feet from me, sweat dripping from his muscles. Because the patterns of his sweat-wet body hair make a moiré pattern which ripple hypnotically under the furnace sky, drawing my gaze towards Daddy's center. Because that pattern draws my gaze towards his center. Because that spot is covered by his just-a-bit-too-snug cutoffs. Because my mind roams into illegal realms, where the illegality can cause enough fire to torch entire cities, entire countries.

Beneath those cutoffs the hair grows thick, I know -- thick, coarse, wiry round that big organ that one hot and sweaty night spewed me forth with 100 million brothers into my mother's womb. That big organ which is the fountain from which I sprang unformed and unwholesome. That cock which is my father. I sigh, finish reeling the line. I ignore -- try to ignore -- the void in my ass.

Often I think evil thoughts. In some dubious region between the triple peaks of reality, fantasy, and memory, Daddy gave a laughing, giggling toddler a bath. The toddler didn't care that Daddy was tired. Just hours before Daddy had walked down the jetway, exiting the DC-9 after a day-long trans-Pacific flight. His eyelids sagged; sleep like a monkey stood on his shoulder. But time he had for me, his son, his eldest. He was naked. He didn't even change out of his uniform -- just stripped it off, wanting to be with me but not wanting it soaked. I was a frenzied kid in the tub, fond of stirring the waters to a froth with ships and submarines engaged in protracted, violent battles. I was -- am -- the appetite for destruction. I stirred great tidal waves, overwhelming carriers, drowning the lip of the tub which was the shore of a tiny island with thousands of pathetic inhabitants -- Can't see anything of Daddy, being so low down in the tub, which perhaps is something he intends. But there were smiles, laughter, and washcloths, and Ivory soap, and Johnson's Baby Shampoo, and squeals. Daddy and me, naked and together.

Where does the real world begin? The wizard of imagination is insane, and often mixes memory with longing. There's a slipperiness to this image, like soap dropped in the shower skittering away from fingertips. Maybe it's an echo of an early memory. Maybe its Freudian, or Jungian, or both. A story, a song, a painting, untrue as seen but true as experienced. It comes to me, usually at night, just before I fall asleep. I never argue with it. I just let the experience roll over me, like his touch, over and over. Is it true I tingled so when he touched me?

Reel the line in. Cast. Drop sweat. Flip long wet hair over my shoulders. Swig beer. The lazy summer cycle goes on. Daddy doesn't speak much. He's dozing, or close to it. We came out here to get away from school, lawn-mowing, cleaning, responsibility -- he's tearing into this lazy day like a starving man into a roast. From time to time his hand moves off his belly, and in slow motion plucks his beer can from where he's tucked it between his thighs. Every once in a while beer spills down his chin. It collects in the hollow at the base of his neck, where it mixes with the sweat oozing from his body. He doesn't bother to wipe it, just letting it evaporate into the steamy air.

He asks me to get an icy Bud from the cooler twice. When I bring it to him he smiles at me, eyes half-closed with the laziness of the day. His hand rustles my hair; he acknowledges me through slitted eyes. Which doesn't help me at

all. There's an uproar in my balls. My cock's alive in my shorts' cotton lining -- lengthening, thickening, stirring like a newly-roused cobra with the scent of prey on the tip of his tongue. Then shriveling, shrinking, like ice melting under the glare of the sun, nervous and scared. My bladder's swimming with piss. But I'm afraid to pee because of what might happen if I haul out my cock near my Dad.

Often I think evil thoughts. Daddy came through the door one evening while I sprawled on the floor for a rerun of Star Trek. I got up and ran over for the bear hug and the tripartite kiss on forehead, bridge of my nose, and right cheek. Oh yes, he was tired. Then he pitched me laughing to one side and headed for the kitchen. While I take up again the worn spot on the shag in front of the snowy image I hear Mom and Dad start to talk. Long march this morning -- from the damn barracks to the airfield. The C-130 was hot, miserable. Three guys puked before we got off the ground. And then the air was rough. The rest of the guys puked. I puked. Over the drop zone I had to kick one guy's ass to get him out of the plane. Then I came down on the edge of the damn zone because that asshole was late getting out; had to walk to the assembly point; then we had to march out of the zone. It went on a bit.

I pushed a budding hardon into the carpet, watching Kirk, Spock, and Scotty prow around another starship's wrecked corridors. I'd been popping boners fairly frequently by that time, and I was handling that one the way I usually did. After a while I heard Mom laugh, and he came back in. I stopped rubbing the carpet. He winced as he slumped into the recliner. His eyes closed. Even back then I was into surreptitious Daddy watching. I glanced at him every now and then. His torso filled his shirt. Even the sleeves looked tight. I wanted muscles like that when I got older. Dust caked his boots, still tightly laced. There was mud on the fatigues, up to his thighs. He tried to watch the TV, but his eyelids kept falling every minute or so.

When the Tidy-Bowl Man in the commercial started singing, he said, "Son, would you rub my back?"

His back got hurt easily, I knew. He often had Mom give him a massage.

I said, "Sure."

I popped off the floor, my little hardon forgotten. A soft groan escaped him as he pushed himself out of the recliner. He stood, stretched and yawned. I saw big sweat stains under his arms. Bones popped as he arched his back. He unbuttoned his shirt top to bottom, slipped it off his shoulders. I saw the pain in his face, and I started to move, wanting to help him. He was too quick for me. He dropped the shirt onto the couch and tugged the green tee shirt over his head with hairy fists. His chest hair clung to his skin, matted with sweat.

Daddy's odor filled the room, rich and dark. Spicy. The ridges on his belly flexed as he twisted his torso some, trying to work the kinks out.

Kirk, Spock, and the doomsday machine forgotten, wishing I were half the man he was, I stood to one side. Grinning at me, he lay down on the floor, stretching his length out before me. The back of the green camouflage pants were ripped, right in the butt, and I saw his white boxers. Working in the yard had tanned his skin. Daddy folded his arms beneath his head, cradled it.

"Go to it, son." His voice wasn't much more than a sigh. I sat down Indian-style beside him. I touched his back, softly. His skin was hot as a griddle, and sticky. The muscles beneath were so tense they felt like armor plate. The hairs in the valley his spine made right above his belt stuck to his skin. My hands, tiny next to his hard mass, began to knead. But I wasn't paying close attention to it. I smelled Daddy's musk, the sweat worked up that day shoving young men out the back of a lumbering C-130. My nostrils gaped, breathing that odor in. I'd smelled this before, but I never could get enough of it. This was better than being in the locker rooms with the guys after a game. This smell was something I didn't yet have, but I wanted, and I loved Daddy for having it. Scent of work, toil, struggle.

"Get down lower on my back, son," Daddy asked. His voice sounded like an old door creaking on its hinges.

"It feels good, but I'm hurting down low."

"I'm going to have to sit on you," I said.

"OK." There was a hint of a moan in his voice. So I got up, straddled Daddy's hard body, and lowered myself down. I sat on his butt. It felt like I sat on a pair of hard stones rounded in a gushing stream. His fatigues (ripped on a rough edge in the plane) showed me that expanse of cotton covering his ass. He shifted his butt to accommodate my weight, spreading his legs a bit. I leaned forward, putting my hands on his spine between his shoulder blades, clamping Daddy's ass between my thighs. I dug into the muscles. Another smell filled my head, darker and deeper. Tangy. I learned something in that moment: Daddy's sweat was the distillation of this odor, his true scent, what the dog smelled when he sniffed him.

I ran my fingers down the knobs of his spine, slowly. He groaned like a ghost. Down to where the belt held the fatigues onto his hips, then to either side, fanning out, digging into the knots. Then back up. Filled with wonder, I set up a cycle. I ran my hands down his back, bending down low so my chest was close to him, so I could get a good whiff of that smell. Up, and out, over the corded flesh. Repeating it over and over. My hardon throbbed against the zipper in my jeans. Rubbing it against my Dad's butt was better than rubbing it against the carpet. Soft snores filled the room. Leaning to one side I looked at his eyes.

There were closed, relaxed. His big chest rose and fell slowly. I grinned. Mom rattled pans loudly in the kitchen. I felt adventurous.

Still massaging his hard body, I began to work my way to other places. While Commodore Decker rode the shuttlecraft into the planet-killer's burning maw I explored the hard, stiff hair in his armpits, sniffing my hands, almost passing out next to his sprawled body from the purity of the smell. As Scotty beamed back to the Big E I tapped out "I love you" on a keyboard I imagined existed right where his hot skin vanished beneath the belt. I'd just started to learn how to type; rubbing my boner against him made me want to practice. As Kirk dissolved into a shower of golden sparks and the planet-killer's maw devoured the ship, I reached round and ran my fingers through the hair on his chest. I explored that forest until I came to something hard like a stone, pointed and stiff. I played with it, a dog tossed a toy. Credits rolled on the screen. Alien creatures, alien vistas.

Mom called on the final note of the closing title music, "Dinner's ready." I poked Daddy awake. He came out of it slowly. I caressed his back, feeling those muscles now, a little bit softer and relaxed. I leaned down, whispered, "Dinner's ready."

Lifting his body up on his arms, he looked back over his shoulder at me, still riding his ass like a cowboy on a stallion. "Thanks, son."

His face dissolved into a weary smile. He rolled over. I went sprawling. He picked me up and hugged me to his. I buried my face in his armpit. That night, I fucked my teddy bear between its legs until I came.

Daddy stirs out of his slumber. He kicks his rod and it drops into the water. He leans over the edge of his boulder, pulls it up dripping beside him. "Damn," he says, eyes blinking rapidly. "Fell asleep."

"Ain't nothing happening," I say. I stand up to the symphony of popping knees.

"Caught anything?"

Daddy sits upright, rubbing his eyes. His chest hair drips sweat.

"No." I shake my head. I flip a wet strand of hair off my eyebrows.

"Unless you count weeds and sticks. Haven't even seen anything jump."

Dad picks up his beer, drinks from it, frowns.

"Damn. I don't really give a fuck if we catch anything or not." I laugh.

"No. I just wanted to get away from it all." I swallow.

"Do you want another beer?"

"Yeah, son, that'd be great."

I sit my rod down on the pebbles, walk stiff-legged over to the cooler. I fish a bottle of Bud from the icy water sloshing around inside. I splash some water over my naked chest, to cool off. My nipples get hard as I splutter. I feel like

a piranha, almost ready to explode into a frenzy. Like a medieval page boy would to his knight, I bring Daddy the beer. He's stretched out full length on the boulder, propped up on one elbow. His eyes rake my body. The fatigue cutoffs have bunched up in his crotch. The bulge is huge.

The night before I left for Carolina I went out drinking with a couple of buddies from my senior class. You were supposed to be 21, of course, but we knew the right guys at the right Pantry. We got some beer. Then we rode out into the dark countryside and sat on the bank of the Neuse, watching the black waters flow past, bitching, talking, remembering, saying goodbye. A morose evening, very maudlin. Didn't even jack off. I didn't get in real late but even so the house was dark.

I went in, fairly quietly because I didn't want to wake everyone up. I didn't even turn on the lights. I ran into the usual guardians at the door. I patted the dachshund on the head; she waddled sleepily off. The cats rubbed against my ankles. I stroked their fur backwards and they withdrew, pissed. The hallway was dark, so I stepped carefully and lightly. I kept one hand on the right wall, so I could hold a straight course in the darkness. When that wall suddenly vanished, I knew it'd made the turn to my parent's bedroom. To my left was my room. I started fumbling for my doorknob. Then I froze. The hair on the back of my neck rose as if I had a hand clamped to a Van der Graaf generator. I heard my mother moan. And I wondered why, for an eternally stupid moment. Then: they were fucking. I fell to my knees. Daddy was in there. Naked. Cock like a tower. Balls drawn up tight. Fucking.

I think I stopped breathing. I think my heart ceased. Without the rush of blood in my hears, that not-so-silent companion of the living, I heard them clearly. My cock erupted into erection. Sublimation between two states -- soft to hard -- like iodine leaping from solid to gas. I ripped open my jeans, because the Levi's were about to snap my rod in two. My cock didn't wait for my Hanes to come down; it shoved them aside, anxious to get free. My foreskin was already drawn back. In that instant, I became a porno director, and I made Daddy the star.

39 INT. PARENT'S BEDROOM - ON DADDY'S FACE

We are looking from the head of the bed towards the foot. DADDY crouches over a dark shape, which we see sprawled beneath him. Two thighs rise on either side of his flanks, which we see are tense as he pulls back...

CUT TO: 40 CLOSE UP ON FATHER'S COCK

... and we see his ENORMOUS COCK retreating from the hairy V of a well-spread vagina. Pussy fluids ooze round it. The cock ceases moving. Huge testicles the size of grapefruits dangle in the foreground. SOUND OF

MOANING over as DADDY barrels his cock in. We watch as two sets of pubic hairs mash together.

SMASH-CUT TO: 41 CLOSE UP

On the midsections of DADDY and MOMMY (their faces are out of frame, but we should KNOW that they are clenched in passion) seen in silhouette against the dark room. MOMMY'S legs rise on either side of DADDY; he is deep between them. We watch as DADDY pumps his wife hard. His motions are sure. We are awed by his sexual prowess. Hold this shot for several strokes.

CUT TO: 42 CLOSE UP ON DADDY'S FACE

His eyes are closed and his lips are drawn back over his teeth. Sweat plasters his hair to his skull; sweat runs over his face; sweat runs down his chest. We should FEEL his exertion as he fucks. This is the tableaux of the male in his sexual glory, on the precipice of heaven.

LAP-DISSOLVE: 43 DADDY'S FACE IN PROFILE

We see DADDY'S profile, black against the walls of the room. His head is arched back, his mouth opens, and he MOANS. CAMERA MOVES OVER and we see the back of his head, which bobs as he fucks. CAMERA PANS down his body.

CONTINUE PAN: 44 PAN - DADDY'S NECK

CAMERA PANS down DADDY'S neck. We see the muscled corded in exertion. The moonlight seeping into the rooms shows us droplets of sweat covering his body like a dust of diamonds. We see scraggly dark hair glued to his nape.

CONTINUE PAN: 45 PAN - ON DADDY'S BACK

We follow DADDY'S spine, traveling down towards his butt. We watch his back undulate as he drives himself deep into the woman beneath him. As we descend past his shoulder blades we can clearly see his armpit hairs. We note DADDY'S V-shaped torso. In action it is so incredible that again we wish we were half the man he is.

CONTINUE PAN: 46 PAN - ON DADDY'S ASS

As we descend down his back, we first notice the hairs that cluster around the base of his spine. Like all of DADDY'S hair, it's plastered to his body from his exertion. As we CONTINUE, we see at last Daddy's ass. The two halves are big and round as melons; they are deeply dimpled, and they vibrate with the force and power of his fucking. His legs hold MOMMY'S open and as such are slightly spread. We can see his asshole, ringed with hair. Between his legs we see his enormous testicles hanging down onto the sheets; his testicles are so big they make him almost a freak. But this is no freak; this is DADDY, the true stud.

CUT TO: 47 CLOSE UP - DADDY'S FACE IN PROFILE

MATCH WITH DADDY'S profile as in 43. Suddenly his lips clench and he begins to spit. The perfect arch in his neck vanishes and he begins to thrash his head around. Sweat sprays from his body. Spit flies from his lips.

DADDY Oh shit, I'm coming!



I bowed my head and shut my eyes. I listened. I listened. Just outside their door. The flesh. The moans. It rose to a tribal crescendo. A deep moan, a growling ululation like the howling vacuum of space. Eighteen years prior to that night they made me to the beat of such a symphony. Then it died. Silence. I could again hear the crickets outside chirping. The bed squeaked. Sheets rustled. Water started running in their bathroom. When I opened my eyes our

dachshund stared at me, head tilted to one side in that What the fuck's with you? gaze dogs have. I shook my head at her, opened my door, and fled across the underwear-strewn floor of my room to my bed. I made myself come again while I wiped jism from my the flaps of my jeans, staining the crisp white sheets with the faded dandelion yellow that Mom was too used to washing out.

"You going to give me the beer or what, son?"

Daddy looks up at me, eyes bright. The stubble on his jaw is thick as moss growing on the north side of a tree. I'm standing there, stupidly holding his beer, staring off into space, musing. A bolt of fear lances through me, white knight skewering the black. My cock, rock hard, vibrates with urgency, thrusts up against the elastic of my shorts.

"Uh, yeah," I say, and extend the beer. His hand, callused, tufted hair on the knuckles, meets mine on the beer. We exchange hot sweat on the beer can. He smiles. My nipples are hard. I give him the beer. Daddy sips from the can. His throat pulses as he swallows, glistening with sweat. Daddy drinks deep and long, puts the beer down beside the boulder.

"Damn," he says. "I've got to piss." He grins. His eyes flick towards my groin.

"If I don't I'll end up like you, boy. Standing tall and proud."

He laughs, then swings his legs over the side of the boulder. I laugh too, but it's forced. Mind's spinning. I've got an erection. My father has noticed it. He's praised it. There's a warm feeling in a my heart. Daddy's given me affirmation in the way few fathers ever do. What more could a son want? What more should a son want? Looking at my father, his hairy body clad only in shorts verging on being too small, seeing his sweat-slick musculature, his short hair grey-streaked plastered to his skull, I wanted more. I wanted Daddy. My cock throbs. I feel wetness at its tip; I know I'm leaking. My shorts are stained with the evidence of my lust. I know the shape of my hardon is prominent through the nylon. I look like an obscene caricature of a man -- hard, dripping, perversely excited, fucking horny.

Daddy steps into the water. Waves lap at his ankles. He fumbles at his crotch, unbuttons his fly. He turns and looks over his shoulder.

"You need to piss too?" He pauses. "You look like you need to."

His eyebrows curl into question marks. My mouth seems filled with some thick, bitter mucus. I'm scared, scared like a man dangling from the edge of a cliff. The grinning gap of the unknown waits for me, hungry and insatiable. I'm conscious of the incredible pressure in my bladder. Seams along my bloated bladder are on the verge of busting. My belly's distended with piss. Hang on. Or let go. Daddy's fly is open.

"Come on, boy. Let's piss!"

I can't resist. I wade out next to him. The lake feels like bathwater. The pebbles bite into my feet; they're slimy with moss. I feel the sweat ooze out of my skin. There is no breeze. All is silent. I stand next to Daddy. His fly is gaping, but the glory within is shadowed and hidden. His eyes look up into mine.

"Ready?" he asks. His fingertips are on the lips of the opened fly, keeping them spread.

"Yeah." The word emerges from my mouth like a frog's croak. Father and son, our eyes drop to each other's crotches, mentally linked, twins whose relationship spans generations and genetics. As I pull the elastic band of my shorts away from my belly, Daddy reaches into his fly. As I slip my fingers through the tangle of my pubic hair, Daddy's fingers have snagged a huge tube within his cutoffs. As I pull my cock so that it rears high above the elastic, Daddy yanks his cock through the gaping fly. As I hook my shorts under my swollen balls, Daddy spreads his fly so wide with his thumbs that I can see his thick pubic hair, sweat-wet and fragrant. We look up at each other. We grin.

"Nice setup there, Daddy."

It spurts from my mouth. I've let go. I let go when I waded out here. We have identical cocks, Daddy and I. Same length -- these cocks rear proud and stiff, bridging that expanse of flesh between groin and navel. Same thickness -- well-fed boa constrictors can't match us. We have on the underside of our cocks an unusual arrangement of veins -- the veins have sorted themselves in diamond patterns. We both have big balls, dangling from a lot of flesh. He's cut. I'm not. My skin covers my cockhead except right around the pisshole which like an eye stares through. Daddy's naked cockhead steams in the air.

"You too, boy," Daddy says. "Looks familiar."

He seems curious, his head cocked to one side, checking me out. His expression looks the same as the guys did, back when I was in the seventh grade and prone to pop a proud boner in the showers after PE.

"Yeah."

"You ready?"

"Yeah."

I'm so excited I'm not sure if I can get my piss up my urethra through all that thick precum that I'm leaking. But I bend my rigid dick down, gripping my cock right at the base, just like Daddy is doing. I look up at the into the hazy blue, rolling my eyes up. I exhale as if I'm a priest clearing his thoughts for communion. I hear Daddy do the same beside me. Pissholes gape. I moan, a high and thin sound. The piss burns along my urethra like Drano. It sprays suddenly from my cockhead, uncontrolled, split into two main streams and a fan of droplets. I feel inept. It's like I don't know how to piss. Then it stabilizes into

a stream like light being focused into a laser. I feel better. Studly. Worthy companion to Daddy.



The sound of my piss pouring into the lake is an oddly distorted, weakened version of what I hear when I pee into a bowl. I look beside me. Daddy's stream is a solid shaft of gold, a fat wire of glistening piss connecting his erection with the silver surface of the lake. He didn't have that embarrassing fan of piss explode from his cock -- Daddy's too much the rugged stud. Just a straight shot of piss, simple and elegant as a sword-stroke. And that stream goes on and on, minute after minute, as Daddy empties his swollen bladder. He wears a sly grin while it pours out, while he looks at me.

"Really nice equipment, son. Really nice. Chip off the old block. You always get hard so easy?"

"Yeah," I say thickly. A brief flash of fear: should I deny getting boners so easily, so often, always around males big and powerful like Daddy? But Daddy told me once: never lie. Ever. "Yeah. Happens a lot." My stream dribbles to a halt. My cock rears up out of my hand, standing free and proud. I wipe a dribble of sweat off my nose. My hand is aromatic with piss.

"Yeah, me too. Shit!" Daddy winces. His pee still gushes. Sweat glistens like shards of mirror in his pubic hair. "Man. Been saving this pee for hours."

As he says that, his stream starts of diminish. The water lapping at Daddy's ankles is yellowish. This lake is now his turf.

"Looks like it, Daddy." I grin. I can't help it. The world spins like a quark, chaotic and perilously to actualization. I'm happy, frightened, lusting, joyful, alive. Daddy's stream vanishes suddenly, cut off as sharply as if he'd twisted the knob on a spigot. Daddy's hardon imitates mine precisely: bobs up out of his hand, rigidifies hard and rampant. An erect father. Sperm churns in my balls. I feel adrift in a sea of potentialities, where draughts of fantasy and reality mix in equal measure. My hand pulls back on my cock, revealing my cockhead nested red and hot in the folds of my foreskin. My pisslips cup a droplet of shiny fluid -- precum, piss, what does it matter? It's male.

Daddy says, "Well, son. We've both got boners that we're pretty fuckin' proud of." He smiles. "You know where I use mine. Where do you put yours?"



I surrender. I start getting into this, reveling in the perversion, the evil, the sickness. Spit at the Gods, shit on the bibles. Do what I will; do what I need.

"I -- got some friends." I pause, still reluctant to speak my next words. "Some guys on the soccer team, at Carolina, some of 'em, really get into my meat."

"Really? The guys? What do they like about it? Size? Thickness? We've got lots of guys beat both ways, son."

"Does Mom like it?" I'm panting. Panting like a fucking dog. Panting after my hard Dad. He -- proud stud -- grins.

"You bet, son. What do your teammates like?"

"They get off on it, I guess. Couple of 'em are really into how long it is... most like how thick it is. One or two like to hold up a Coke can up next to it and compare."

I release my foreskin, and it snaps shut over my cockhead, smearing precum. Then I pull it back, because when I touch my cock I almost always start to j.o.

"... and they like my 'skin. A lot of guys don't have any. Or ain't never seen it. And... and a couple of guys, they like to clean my cheese off."

"They wash you?"

"They lick me."

Daddy grins... slowly, like a man who's bitten into an unfamiliar fruit, slowly realizing that he likes the taste. He starts masturbating with me. His hand smoothly flows up along his erection. The scar where he was cut stretches and moves as his hand does the slip and slide.

"Do guys really know how to suck good? That's what I used to hear in the barracks... "

"Yeah, Daddy. They do. Really good."

My hand's frozen, because I'm watching my father pleasure himself, and my world is spinning, and I'm about to explode.

"Did they just blow you, son?"

"No, Daddy. No." I pause.

"One or two -- they get fucked."

"You fuck them?" Daddy whispers, almost in awe.

"I fuck them," I say, remembering steamy showers and wet jockstraps. "I put it to them. They love it."



"Is Jesse one of them? You stay at his house a lot."

Daddy hawks a load of spit onto his cock, working it into the taut skin. It's unconscious, practiced, and erotic.

"Yeah." My balls are sucked up against the tube of my cock, like a cannon loaded and primed for firing. "Yeah... Jesse's like a nympho, Daddy. I can't satisfy him. He can't keep his legs closed around me, he keeps turning around, spreading his legs, and showing me his butt when I pass him in the halls. I've fucked him till my dick was raw, till I shot dust up his hole, and he still kept fucking asking for more." Oh these are good memories.

"I sit behind him in Pre-calc, and I keep getting hardons, 'cause I hear him fart and I know it's my jism he's dropping into his jockeys. I've seen the crack of his 501's wet because of the jism he farts out. The guys think he craps in his pants, thinks he's weird."

"Ever had a girl, son?" Daddy asks. "Had one beat you off, blow you, screw you?"

"No, Daddy. No. Just never really been all that interested..."

"Really? Just not into it?"

"Well, I might try it, maybe. But I get off on guys, Daddy. I just do."

"You sound like you do it good, son," Daddy says. I laugh. Praised again, the warmth joins the heat in my crotch.

"Yeah, I guess."

"You should try something different." He pauses. "If you want. You shouldn't limit yourself."

"I will, Daddy. I will." I'm holding myself one notch below orgasm. My foreskin's sopping with precum, and a big thread of it dangles in the breeze like a strand of spider's silk.

"Have you ever tried something different, Daddy?" An evil grin curls my lips. Daddy's hands pause. His dick's the mirror of mine -- primed, cocked, ready to fire. His voice is low. "No, son, I haven't."

"You want to?"

I mean, there's no reason to hold back now. No fucking reason. Me and Daddy should be executed for allowing this scene. This is evil, we're evil; the walls are collapsing around us, the barbarians are here, civilization is collapsing. And I need it to go on. There's a long pause. That hairy hand of his travels every so slowly up and down that vibrant shaft.

"Son, you ever been fucked by a man?" The strand of glistening lube breaks free, falls like a meteor into the dazzling water. Another begins to emerge, a long, thin transparent worm wiggling out of my body.

"No." Voice is horse. "Guys want to. Eric wants to. Real bad."

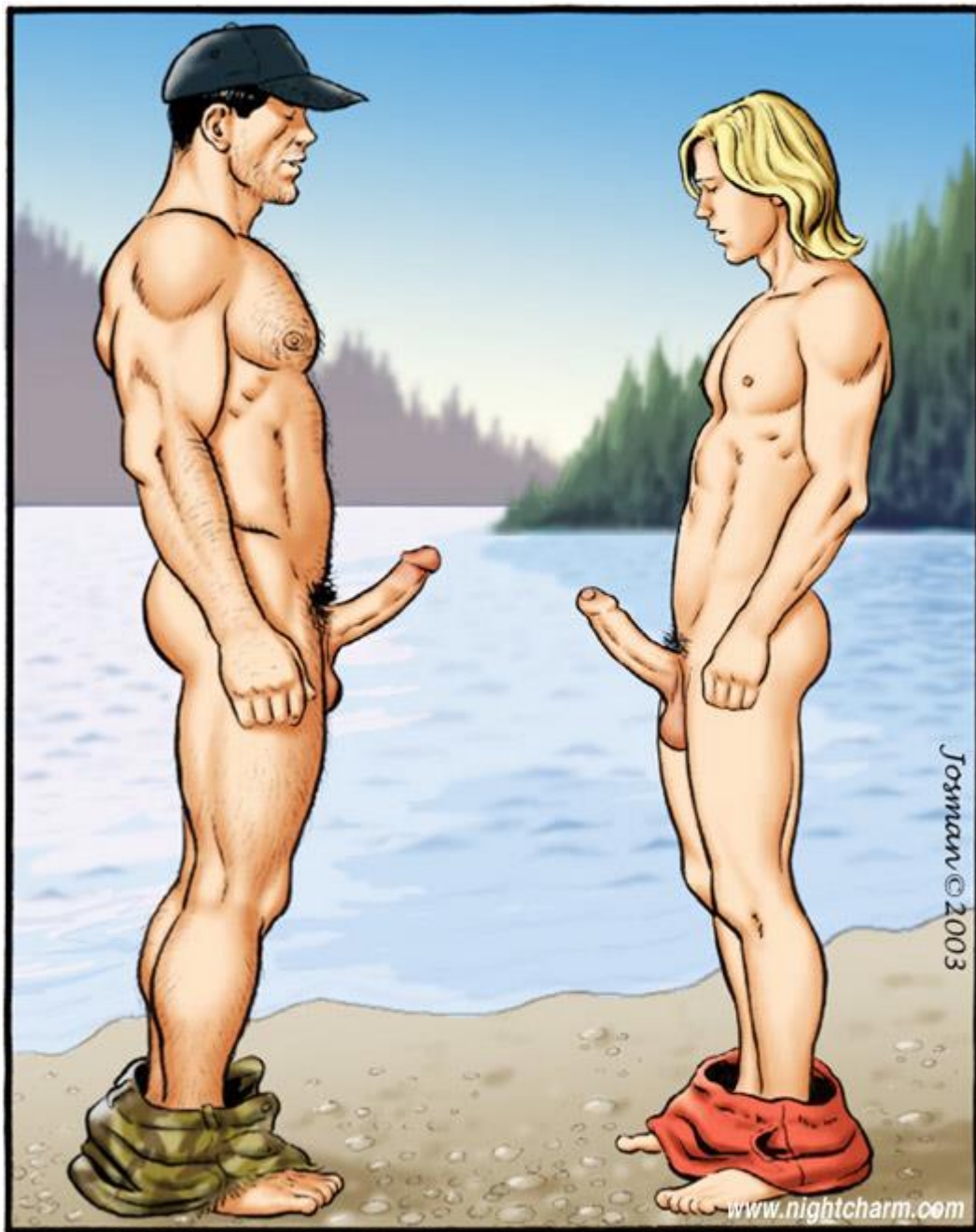
"Eric?"

"Guy on the team. He's goosed me in the showers. But he's got a tiny cock."

"You've seen him hard?"

"Yeah. And he isn't going to be the one. The only guy who I'll let fuck me has to have a cock my size or bigger." My eyes shine. My guts calm. There. I've said it, as clearly as I can manage. He shudders. He closes his eyes. He sighs.

And Daddy's cutoffs drop to the lake, turn dark as they soak up water. His cock juts up like a pier of stone, a megalithic tower of hard flesh, a pagan instrument powerful and forbidding as Stonehenge or Carnac. Violent. Passionate. When he and Mom made me he was like this. Aroused. Potent. Virile. What wonderful words these are when applied to my father. Swollen testicles swarming with gray jism, male essence, the tincture of which I am a solution. Urethra, full of lubricant to pave the way, cock lips open and oozing. Sweaty chest, matted hair, salted fluid of father streaming from his armpits. Sebaceous glands secreting a milky liquid that smells...like me. And him. Us. Daddy, hard and naked.



He nods. I kneel. He steps out of the cutoffs. He strides toward me. The water froths as he moves.

He's the perfect male, my father -- erect, hairy, and sweaty, naked beneath the burning sky. He stops. I'm within the arena of his scent. Only a few more inches to go. His cockhead, hot and angry as a sun, lube sizzling on its textured surface, looms before my lips.

Beneath the glaze of fluid, I see the pattern of minute dimples in the cockhead. I imagine this erection in Mom's vagina, pounding, pushing, exploring the slippery gates to the womb. It's simple now. But oh what we do. I lick my lips. I try to work up some spit in my mouth. I'm so excited my cock keeps slapping into my belly like a stallion masturbating. I look up. Daddy's looking

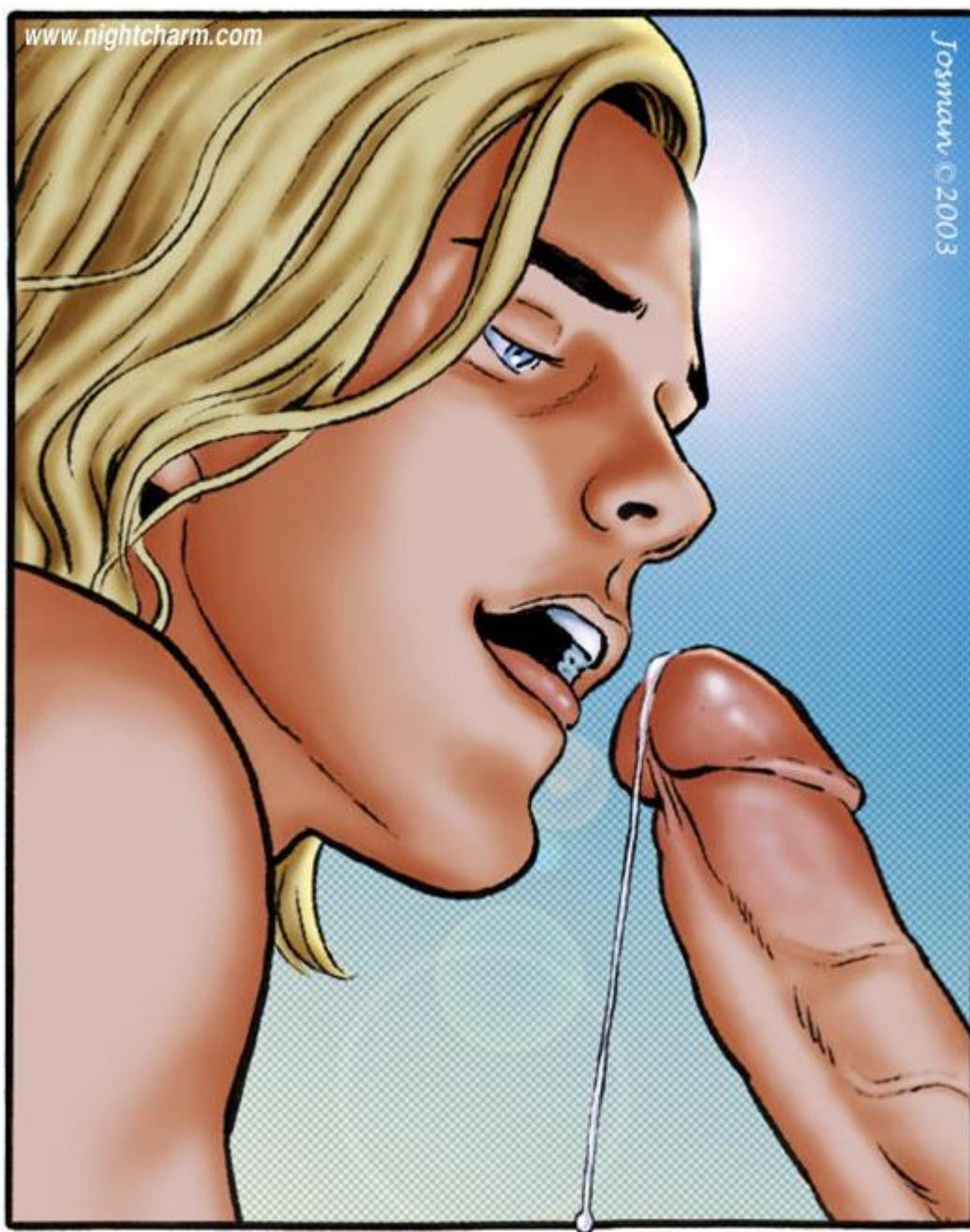
down at me. His expression is beatific--is this what one sees when visited by an angel? There's a light in his eyes I've never seen before, and my heart almost explodes with love.

Daddy nods. I reach up and touch his cock. And I almost cum. I hold in my hands the source of my life. It's hot, and it's hard, and the blood in it hammers in harmony with my heart. The rod of might. It's like holding a magical staff that opens one up to all of the power and mystery of the universes. This is better than pot, better than acid. This is my father's cock in my hands. I bend it down so that it's aimed like a missile at my mouth. It's like steel. I have to use muscles to aim it right. Such is the strength of Daddy's erection. I open my mouth and smooth as a shark I engulf his cockhead...

Am I dreaming? Am I dreaming? Have I passed out?

A firehose is exploding in my mouth. Rich gravy jets against my uvula. Heat sears my lips. Daddy's cumming inside me. His stomach is taut, his head arched back, pectorals bulging, neck tensed, legs spread. His arms are splayed out to either side, as if he were a saint in ecstasy. His urethra pulses as he pumps thick fluid into me, and I lick the little bit of cock I have inside me. I hear him moan.

Daddy, his jism, fills my mouth. I won't swallow -- I want to enjoy his orgasm for as long as possible. I swear I feel the tails of individual sperms beat against tongue and gums as they excitedly seek what they will never find in me. I can divide this fluid into many sub-tastes -- the piquant richness of the sperm, the smoothness of the lubricating fluid, the musky tang of the sebaceous secretions, the trace bitterness of piss faintly there. Urine the spice of everything. My father's seed. Now I know where the Olympians got nectar -- Ganymede jacked Zeus off into chalices, then bore the golden cups brimming with potent male seed to the Gods for them to partake.



Daddy cums it seems for minutes. He holds that happy male tableaux until my cheeks are bulging, until trickles of his jism start sliding down my throat, until it slips between sucking lips and jumping cock and runs down my chin. I feel like a baby full of drool. Daddy shudders, his balls pump. What a stud my father is. I'm in agony -- feeling Daddy come in my mouth, I'm making an asymptotic approach towards orgasm. Closer and closer I come, the sperm rising in my tubes, precum literally dripping from my cock... yet the closer I come the longer the distance seems, like the long vistas between you and the horizon. But I can't be angry. Not at all. And then Daddy is sighing, and he shakes, and his orgasmic flood stops. His sperm clogs my mouth, and what I've drooled drips onto my chest where it joins a shiny sheen of sweat and cum.

I swallow now, gulp after gulp -- he's shot a cup of the thick stuff into my mouth. It's like swallowing a bottle of Elmer's Glue. This jism I'm drinking is thick with sperm, not lube -- my Dad's potent, fertile. When I'm done I release his meat, which bobs upright and undiminished. I look up. His gaze goes off into the far blue sky. I wonder what he sees. Whatever it is, the vision fades quickly, for he looks down at me, his son the cocksucker. And I melt. For that light I saw is still there, and it delights in the sight of the son sucking the father's cock, and it delights in the goodness and love of the son, and I know it will never be doused.

"I'm sorry, son," Daddy says, breathless. "Couldn't hold it back. Sorry. I've not shot like that since I was your age."

"I love you, Daddy," I say, and kiss his cockhead, which jumps. He reaches down, smiling, hooks me under my armpits, lifts me to my feet. I look up at him. His hands slide down, stroking my flanks. My running shorts slip down my legs into the water. Daddy pulls me to him. His chest hair abrades my chest, his arms surround me as his hands slip towards my ass, and our cocks throb together between us. I look into Daddy's eyes. Here is perfection. We kiss. Open mouthed and open-eyed, we know what we do and we hunger for it. I open to him, accept him, love him. His tongue laps at the dregs of jism in my mouth. I slip my arms under him, hug him fiercely to me, grind my erection against him. Two males, locked in tender combat. Penises roll against each other; the hunching motions Daddy is making cause his balls to slap mine. Father's nuts to son's nuts.

My orgasm is short but intense. My seed spews from my cockhead, coating our bellies. I writhe in my father's embrace, shooting jism that snarls the dark swirls of hair on Daddy's belly with incestuous slime. My cries echo into Daddy's devouring throat. It oozes down and dripping through our pubic hair and off our balls. The realm I break into while I jet and writhe cannot be described. When it dies away, Daddy is there, holding me up. I never break our kiss, not even when the tears slide from my eyes. Our tongues explore each other, roughly familiar because Daddy and I are reflections from opposite sides of the mirror. His beard scratches my face. We break. It's as if we are sharing thoughts as well as semen. Daddy's lips glow ruby red. Daddy's hands are wrapped round my waist just above my butt. Does he know how badly I want him to touch my ass?



"Son," he says, "son."

I spread my legs, arch my back, pushing my ass up at his hands. I'm looking up at him with naked hunger in my eyes. Daddy grins. With glacial slowness, he starts to slide one hand down my back. It creeps softly over my skin. Knob by knob it traces the course of my spine, going lower and lower, towards a part of me that needs to be filled. I shiver. I plea with Daddy in my head. His grin widens. By drinking his semen I've obviated the need for language. Daddy and I are free of names or words. We can, like animal males, live by instinct and lust, free of the insanity of civilization. One finger goes down my buttcrack, probing the sweaty valley. The anticipation... how I've longed for this.

My father lustily caresses my ass. I'm wet back there, with sweat, wet like a pussy, so his progress is smooth as he moves downwards and deeper with agonizingly slow motions. Daddy's teasing me, like he did when I was a boy, but in a different fashion. Lower and lower, deeper and deeper. I have my father's fingers between my asscheeks. I'm encompassing them, and there's a rightness to this. Humans proscribe incest because they fear its power. My Dad's finger is almost there, almost to that spot, that place that now is more important to me than even my own cock. Clenched tight, it's the sealed portcullis into a castle of unearthly delights. I know he's wondering at the

hairlessness there, the slick smoothness that he's caressing. In time, in time, I think. I'm not yet a real man. He touches my pucker. I arch my back, looking up at him, feeling Daddy's finger just about to touch my buttock, feeling his cock throb against my belly. The only guy who I'll let fuck me has to have a dick my size -- or bigger. I don't want this... I need this.

I pull out of his embrace. Water boils up around my feet as I race to the shore, next to the packs and bags we've dropped. I laugh, watching Daddy grin at me, then turn around and present my ass to him, bending over to spread my cheeks. The breeze cools the semen coating my belly, crotch, balls. I bend almost double, long hair falling into the lake. Looking back between my thighs I see his grin, his erection, his burning eyes. His hands are on his hips, and ropes of jism sway from his cock. I'm downwind of him, and I trip on his smell, the sex we're having, the love we're making.

"You're hot, son," Daddy says. And he starts walking forward.

I've fantasized about a certain position, and I want Daddy to take me while I'm crouched in it. So like a quarterback I plant my right hand on the ground, squat down, rest my left forearm on my knee, and stare straight ahead. I don't know (or care) if I can stand the pounding Daddy will give out while I'm bent like this, but it satisfies the major requirement of this moment: Daddy can access my buttock. He comes up behind me, kicks a backpack aside. I purse my buttock at him. Daddy blocks the air that's been the only thing cooling the fire in my crack. I whimper. I know what's to come. There's no anticipation left, just the eternal moments that will pass until me and Daddy are one again. Daddy touches my crack. I shudder and moan. The anticipation stretches, and I breathe the hot air in. The shimmering sun, the molten lake, the pines like whispering guardians -- days like today are axes upon which galaxies revolve. Daddy's finger plays with my hole -- moves slow over the corrugated surface, as if he's marveling at the tightness and heat of it. There's no hymen to break here; what'll be shattered is the stuff of needs, desires, poetry, far less substantial than anything physical but part of the basic urges that surge in living creatures.

My world shrinks down to the need I feel between my legs, the very male demands lurking inside my asshole, the perverse desires that burn within a loving son's breast. Daddy's dick presses urgently between my cheeks. He wants this badly. This is the main course; our other orgasms were just appetizers, this is the prime evil that Daddy and I do. I close my eyes -- don't need sight anymore, just my buttock. Daddy's hands go to my hips. He's mounted me. I can feel his strength as he holds me. I'm a colt to his stallion. My dick slaps against my belly, pumping fluid. We moan, entranced and ensnared.

Daddy's slick cockhead slides over my pucker, then it steadies, centered and aimed. His fingers dig into my flesh; biceps tense. Daddy's cockhead punctures me. Does it hurt? Does it matter? This is my father who's fucking me, and we're completing an act ordained since his sperm rewrote the code in my mother's egg. It's been our fate to rejoin -- and I'm no longer a sperm that could swim back up his urethra to live happily ever after in his testicles. I can only open myself to my Daddy, and let him fill me. And fill me Daddy majestically does. One smooth stroke and he's in. As easy as two spaceships docking.

My colon bloats around his fat instrument. The fires burning in my ass are stoked by that huge cock. I can count Daddy's heartbeats with my rectum. We're moaning, ecstatically joined, father to son, rigid rod up clenching butt, coupled. I feel his pubic hairs deep between my cheeks, pressing against my flesh, while his cock yearns inward. He's had these hairs longer than I've been alive. I can't stand it. Helplessly I squirm, skewered on his cock. My balls churn, I moan like a ghost howling in an empty house, and long jets of my love explode out of my penis. My asshole clenches on that cock, my prostate throbs against that log of gristle and flesh, and I shoot all over the lakeshore, and I fuck myself blind on Daddy's rod.

He holds his cock still until my sperming stops, till I'm squatting there, head raised, panting, eyes closed, shuddering and twitching in the afterglow. His hand, gripped to my hip and pulling my butt into his crotch, opens suddenly, and he pats me lovingly.



"Good one, son," Daddy says hoarsely. The hand closes, fingers dig into the flesh. Then he starts to fuck me.

Daddy's fat penis slips down my rectum, the glowing cockhead retreating towards my clenching sphincter. I'm so hypersensitive to him that I can feel the swollen walls of my rectum closing up as his slides out. Then it reverses direction and crashes in, charging forward like an army attacking a fort, and again I'm suddenly full of my father. Air gushes out of me. Daddy's cock rams against my gut, and my knees almost turn to jelly. His balls swing between our legs; sweat sprays. I watch the droplets fly as Daddy's cock slides out of me and continues that primitive rhythm that drives men's lives. His fingers dig into my flesh, I hear him moan, and the pace of the fuck picks up. The sound of wet flesh smacking together obscures the lapping of the waves, the sigh of the pines. I roll my hips around his thrusts, enjoying this like a mare being serviced. There ought to be pain, I guess; burning or something, while my Daddy's hot cock churns in my guts, but there isn't. The pleasure I feel is what Mom feels when Daddy fucks her.

My prostate is swollen as big as an orange, and I can feel Daddy's cock powering alongside it, loving it, warming it. There's immense power in Daddy's strokes, but somehow I'm keeping this ungainly position, squatted down like a tight end, while Daddy takes his pleasure in my rectum. Then his fingers jab into me, down through my tensed muscles until I feel them on my pelvis. His cock rams faster and faster. I can feel air bubbles now, between the tight

tube of my ass and his huge cock. He's fucking wet farts out of me. He's moaning, panting, a strange sound, something like a demon in the throws of pleasure. He yanks out till I feel his corona holding my sphincter open. Eternity passes. Inwards it suddenly thrusts. It stops. And Daddy cries out.

His arms jam me hard between his muscled, hairy thighs. I feel tense muscles on my buttcheeks, swollen testicles throbbing against mine. And I close my eyes, knowing what's about to happen. Somewhere in my dank guts Daddy's pisshole gapes. Blood pulses in his member. The thick gravy gushes up his urethra, shoots out laser-like into me. Into me. The Father fertilizes the Son with his potent seed. It pumps and pumps, coating the hot tissues, relieving a pressure Daddy and I have felt since my birth. His balls are tight against mine, and I feel them contract and writhe against my flesh as they frantically fill my colon with his love. I feel the waves as sperm moves up his cock and into my ass. My Daddy is coming in my butt. I shudder, moan helplessly like I heard Mom do when she had this penis, and I explode. When we're done he bends down and kisses me deeply. His hands caress my flanks, stroke me, soothe me. His long member is still in my ass, and it is not soft.

"I love you, son."

"I love you, Daddy."

He begins to move in me again, and I moan again, and we remain one through the long session, the longest continual multi-orgasmic fuck in the history of the human race.

After our third orgasm, I heard a guffaw, and I bent down to look back between my legs, under my cock and Daddy's pounding, dripping balls. The bass boat had drifted round the point, and it had three rednecks in it. One sits in the bow chair, one in the well in the middle, one by the big outboard. Young, not too much older than me, built, blond, tanned. Sweaty beer cans in their hands. They laugh, point, cheer this big burly stud who is fucking this slim, hairless, long-haired blond. Daddy doesn't miss a stroke. He keeps churning in my ass, puffing like a locomotive, pumping those sperm-rich farts out of my guts with his big hard log. He doesn't seem to know that three guys are watching him screw his son, but I know that he didn't care.

The whistles and catcalls don't die out. They get louder. I stare back between my legs, watching the boat drift between my jism- and sweat-streaked thighs. The good ol' boys raise their beer cans high, whooping and hollering like Indians in an old John Wayne movie. They're shirtless and wear tight faded jeans. Sweat runs down their flanks from their armpits. The guy in the middle, sitting beside the Styrofoam cooler, has big nipples, almost like Daddy's. In the midst of my passionate fuck with Daddy, I feel lust for him

like a stroke of lightning. Daddy's cock, sawing at my breech, is enough to keep me faithful. For me, just Daddy.

The boat keeps drifting. Daddy keeps fucking. I keep moaning. The cheering and guffaws stop. I knew this would happen. They've drifted far enough to one side to realize that Daddy's not screwing some woman. They see my big prong now, jutting out from between my thighs, foreskin retracted, precum dripping. They can see my straining muscles -- hard, male muscles -- as I hold this position, letting this big man plow me. They see my thick pubic bush, my balls drawn up tight, perfect images of those of the man who fucks me.

"Shit! Fucking faggot bastards!" It's the big guy in the middle, the one with the tits. His snarl is filled with the hate of a cornered animal. I can't stand the level of pleasure that Daddy's fucked into me, so I start to jet spurts of jism.

"That fucking shithead likes it!"

Daddy's hips still move. He's pubic hair still scours my butt. But I feel him bend over me, feel his chest hair brush against my back. His iron grip on my hips relaxes. While the rednecks cuss and scream, Daddy's tongue snakes into my ear, driving me to new heights of pleasure. I feel his panting breath while I squirm in my orgasm.

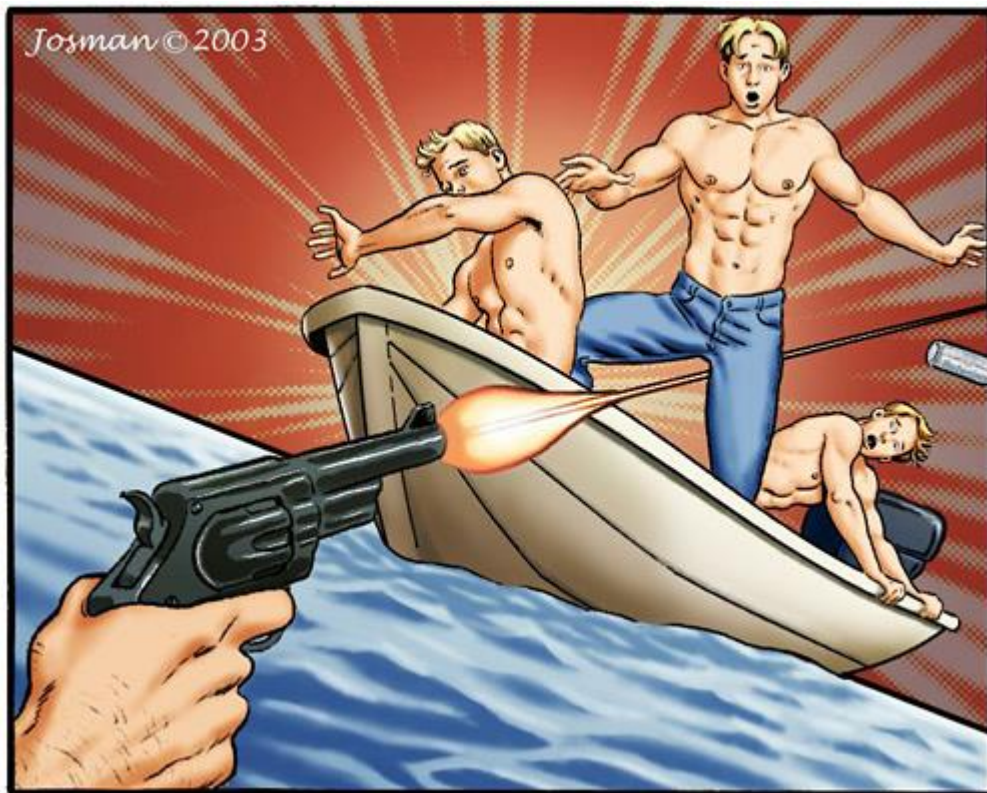
"Get down on your knees, son," Daddy says.

I hear wet plops in the lake. The rednecks have thrown their beer cans, but they're too drunk to aim accurately. They're chanting "Fucking faggots!" like a mantra. The guy with the hot tits is scrambling to get the cooler top off to get more ammunition. Me and Daddy kneel together, slowly.

My cock is still spitting jism whenever Daddy's cock barrels deep into my asshole. His rhythm never breaks. Daddy is the consummate stud. He reaches into the backpack beside us, and I laugh, toss my hair, and grind my hips into his fucking strength.

"Fucking faggots!" The guy with the tits stands high in the bass boat, a can of cold Bud in his clenched fist. His voice drips with fury, contempt, hate. Daddy pulls the .357 revolver out of the backpack. Shiny and black, it glistens in the sun like a shard of obsidian. Daddy rotates the cylinder three notches. I know how the gun is loaded: three rounds of snake shot, the rest flatnose bullets to deal with humans.

"Fag--"



Daddy straightens up, still fucking me, pace unbroken. I love that man. He turns, aims squeezes off three shots. Two spouts of water erupt by the side of the fiberglass hull, one by the guy in the bow and one beside the guy at the engine. One spout appears on the far side of the boat, and the guy with the tits drops the dripping Bud. The slug has passed between his thighs, two inches from his balls. His mouth is open in a silent scream, eyes wide in unbelieving shock. A wet stain spreads from his crotch as he pisses his pants.

I moan, watching him piss, and explode in another orgasm, my ears ringing with the force of the gunshots. The good ol' boys rev up the engine, spin the boat on a dime, flee. Daddy has his orgasm in my butt. He shudders, spits, curses, and floods me with another thick load. The thick gruel runs swiftly down my rectum, out my sphincter, down my legs. He puts the gun down, picks me up by my hips so that we resume our previous position, and we resume fucking.

Our last orgasm is simultaneous, and father's and son's souls communed in that eternal moment. You don't need to know about that. It's private.

The sun's changed position in the sky. It's lower, but it's rays are still fiendishly hot. I'm wet as a jock's headband. It feels like a different world. Me and Daddy have journeyed into a different place. Daddy's hot semen -- a hundred million unborn brothers -- pours out of my asshole in a brownish-tinged gray tide. We're exhausted. It's only the reason we've stopped. Our legs vibrate with the effort of keeping us standing. Daddy says, through great

gasps for air, "Son, I've got to lay down." So we drag ourselves over to that boulder where Daddy so sexily lounged a millennia ago, our legs screaming, dicks slowly drooping into that sexy male post-orgasmic slightly- swollen state.



We fall onto it together, side by side, but I do my best to twist to one side so I can face my father, and look into his eyes, and hold him. We embrace, and I feel something I've longed for... my Daddy's sweaty, thick mat of body hair pressed against my naked body, from my own chest, down to my wet crotch. One of his powerful thighs holds mine apart. His arms encircle me, and I lean my cheek on his forearm, only inches from his armpit and that wonderful smell. We lay entwined, chests heaving, staring into each other's eyes until love prompts us to exchanged tongues in a kiss. Our sweat pools beneath us.

Daddy's hands caress me, running over the knotted muscles in my back, massaging me like I had done for him those long years ago when he came in tired and exhausted after jumps from a C-130.

I dig my fingers into his thighs -- they're hard as steel, and they vibrate like a tensed spring.

"Son," Daddy says through opened, dry lips, "son, I've wanted that for so long... "

I hug him and hold back tears.

"Daddy."

"... never done anything with a guy, and never had anything like that with a woman... " his voice trails off.

"Daddy," I say between heaving breaths, "Daddy."

Daddy's lips turn up into an exhausted grin, and he kisses me, which is pretty much how this moment will play out.

"Son, I think I got hard, holding you on the day you were born."

I laugh, flop down onto his hard biceps. I watch rivulets of sweat pour out of his armpit.

"Love you so much, Daddy." He laughs too.

"You're like me, son. You love things with all your heart and mind, but most especially with your dick." I grin.

"Yeah, I guess." And I reach a free hand over, slip it between our sweaty bodies, and hold my father's cock in my hand. It's big and rubbery and feels like a policeman's truncheon.

"You're the sexiest man I've ever known, Daddy. Jesus!" He laughs.

"Yeah, Jesus, boy. You're the best."

"You never been turned on by a guy before?" I ask. Nosy, and stupid, but I want to know. It's easy to ask a parent about his sex life, after you're done fucking him.

"I've seen some guys I've got the hots for. Back in the barracks, when I was a DI, seeing guys around in the buff. Big muscles, lots of hot sweat, hot butts, big dongs. There was a big blond guy named Jones, had an ass as hot as yours." He laughs, looks down at me, laughs, seeing the look on my face.

"He was a runner, would jog fifty miles a day. Long thighs, big calves. He was a dope fiend. I caught him at it, told him I'd turn him into the MP's and the JAG, unless... "

"Unless? Did you fuck him?" Daddy laughed.

"You're a horny one, son. Do you think I fuck everyone?"

"I think you ought to," I said.

"Well, son, I didn't. Got him a different way. I had him running a hundred miles a day. Keep his ass moving. Put him in some sweatshorts and jog him up

and down the streets at Bragg, out into the drop zones, back, then out again. He always started sweating in the crack of his ass, but pretty soon it'd all be wet and clinging to it." Daddy laughed.

"I used to run along with him for a while. Then I'd run his ass back to the jeep, and I'd get in and follow him around."

Daddy grinned down at me. "And I'd jack off in my fatigues, watching that hot ass in those shorts."

While Daddy tells me the story, I feel the blood fill his cock, and I know how powerfully he felt that lust.

"You didn't try anything, Daddy?"

"No," Daddy says. "Loved your Mother to much."

He slips a hand over to me, takes my cock in his hand, holds it. He slips a finger under my foreskin.

"Besides, my first man is you."

He strokes at my cockhead, and I shiver.

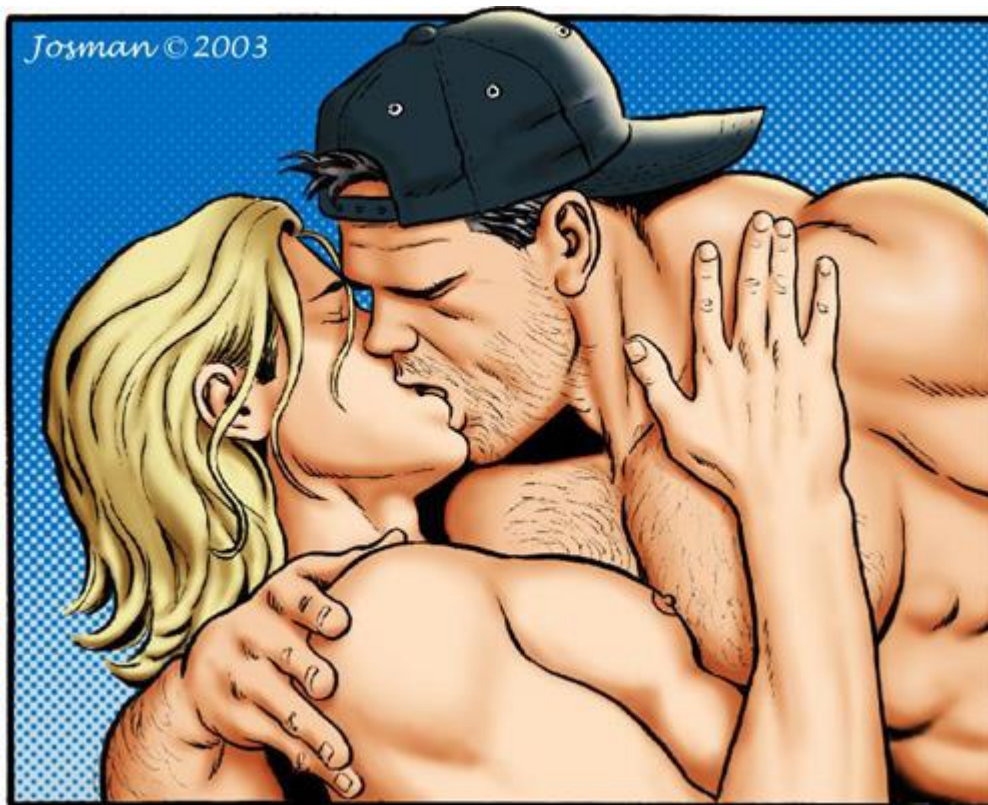
"And you're the sexiest man I've ever known."

Daddy's finger is digging out some of the drying sperm from under my skin.

"Why'd you let me keep my 'skin, Daddy?"

He's got me rolling around, squirming in his arms, while he plays with my dick. Daddy pauses.

"I heard that guys with foreskin got more sensation out of screwin'. And I knew you'd want that. 'Cause I knew you'd be like me -- horny all the time, wanting to get it on with someone, anyone. And I wanted you to get out of it stuff I couldn't." He stops. "Also, the first time I held you, just after you were born, you were naked. And I looked down, and you had this big dong, even at that age, and it was hard and looked so hot with that skin. So I told your Mom it wouldn't get cut off. And it wasn't."



"I'm glad you didn't." I can feel my cock getting hard, and I want my Daddy again, but there's deep rooted exhaustion in my muscles, and I know I can't muster up the strength to fuck just yet.

"Yeah, me too," he says. He closes his hand around my prick, jacks it. Father masturbates son. My eyes close.

I get shaken awake a little bit later. My Father's prong is pressed into my side. His lips are glued to mine. I feel his beard. I slip a hand through the hairs on his chest until I feel nipple, and I pinch it. His groan wells into my throat. He pulls away.

"I've never been fucked." Which is as clear a statement of desire as we need. So I laid down on the rock, that big boulder that Daddy had picked as his lounge chair when we got to this spot, the old fishing hole. Daddy, looking down at me, grins. He throws a leg over me, straddles me and the boulder. He bends down and kisses me, and we share the light as we do so. Then he squats down. As Daddy's puckered butthole rests on my fat shaft, gathering its energies for its virgin penetration, I scheme how I'm going to replace Mom in Daddy's bed.

The End